

THE FIELD!  
RURAL  
AND DISC  
son!

HOODS,  
AND SHOES,  
AND CAPS,  
SIES,  
ERRY,

Nothing Else  
Y WANTS!  
QUICK SALES  
PROFITS!

SEE ME!  
HAINES,  
April 15th, 1877.

ORIN,  
the Bank of

all kinds of

S-FITTING,

OFING.

Sheet-Iron

ER IN

OFING.

ion Range."

RANGE!"

ING GOODS,

his line.

D IRON

anks!

TO BUY!

Provisions,

EVERYTHING

Butter,

Y, Etc., Etc.

NORTH SIDE,

St. Street.

La Buxton,

STORE,

WOODLAND,

Ves, Hose,

PUMPS,

Gas-fitting.

SCRIPTION.

TERMS, all

ATTENDED TO.

AM, KUHN,

MAKER!

Shop in

in Street,

also by the

any new

# The Woodland Democrat

VOL. X. WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA: THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1877. NO. 29.

## The Yolo Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
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M. W. THOMAS, Agent.  
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Have leased the well-known

## ELLIOTT CARRIAGE AND WAGON SHOP.

And propose to carry on the business in  
a manner that will be entirely satis-  
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will manufacture

## ALL KINDS OF VEHICLES.

Carriages, Buggies, Sulkeys,

WAGONS, Light and Heavy,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS, Etc.

All kinds of Woodwork and Black-

smithing work done to satisfaction.

BEACH & KNOX, Proprietors.

WOODLAND, Nov. 17th, 1875. my17-3m

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## Wholesale Druggists,

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AGENTS FOR

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Montgomery Avenue and

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SAN FRANCISCO.

A New and Commodious Four-

Story Hotel, with 175 First-Class Rooms,

Elegantly Furnished, and a

Steam Elevator.

Five Cents and Carriage to the House from all

points.

Charges, Two Dollars per Day.

JOHN KELLY, Jr., Manager.

For 25 years Proprietor of the Brooklyn Hotel,

San Francisco. my24-3m

## CAPITAL HOTEL.

Having purchased, thoroughly re-

novated and refurnished this old and

favorite house throughout, the pa-

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## Good Boarding and Comfortable

Rooms

At reasonable prices by the day or week. The

table will be supplied with the best market

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Free buses and from all passenger trains.

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D. C. HUBBARD, Landlord.

This well-known and popular Hotel

has just been thoroughly overhauled,

renovated and refurnished through-

out, and is now in the best of condi-

tion for the reception of the traveling and

resident public. The table will be supplied

with the best of market provisions and

at reasonable prices. Rooms are com-

fortable and well ventilated.

THE TABLE is supplied with the best

market affords. NO BUT WHITE COOKS

employed.

TERMS REASONABLE and patronage

respectfully solicited. ap12-3m

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## HOTEL!

Cor. K and 7th Sts.,

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This old, well-known and popular house

has recently been refitted and

Furnished in the most elegant

Style. mh14-3m

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VEIRS & GWINN, Prop's.

Good Beef,

MUTTON, VEAL,

PORK, SAUSAGE, SALT MEATS, ETC.,

Constantly on hand. ap1-3m

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Is permanently located in Woodland. Calls

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OFFICE—Second floor, Howell building, oppo-

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## DR. W. T. LUCAS,

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Is permanently located in Woodland and will

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Office corner College and Main streets, Wood-

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## JOHN A. BROWN,

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Is prepared to do surveying in any part of

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Notary Public and Real Estate Agent, Wood-

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## DR. HENRY M. KIER,

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## W. B. TREADWELL,

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Woodland, Cal. Office at the Court House,

my17-3m

## J. C. BAILL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY.

Office—Over Freeman's Store, Cor. First and

Main streets, Woodland, Cal. my17-3m

## C. H. GARGUETTE,

SEARCHER OF RECORDS

## Sargent Arraigned.

[From the San Francisco Argonaut.]

If the Republican party would meet

and overcome the dangerous crisis that

has overtaken it, its leaders and jour-

nalists must agree to withdraw from

Mr. Sargent, and from Messrs. Carr,

Pinney, Gorham, LaGrange, Stow, and

others, their entire support. Unless

the party is to be given up to annihi-

lation, these men must, each and all of

them, be thrown overboard and repul-

sed. The question is presented, there-

fore, whether the rotten spot shall be

cut out, or the apple left to decay? It

will not do for Mr. Sargent to deny,

nor for his party to discredit, its im-

mense political and social connection

with Carr and Gorham. For ten years

before Sargent became Senator, the

social and political status of Carr was

known. Sargent belonged to that

division of the Republican party that

fought the short-haired and plug-ugly

war? When Mr. Sargent's party, led

by Mr. Sargent's chief distinction in

the party was because he was under-

stood to be in sympathy with its best

elements. When, therefore, he sur-

rendered to Carr, and to the lead-

ers of the Republican party, took to

himself the ownership of its offices,

and gave Carr a power of attorney,

accompanied by an interest irrevocable,

when he became his guest, and in his

brief frequent visits to San Francisco

lived in his house, slept in his beds,

and set at his table; when no Republican

could approach him except through Carr,

and reported to him without sur-

prising him between Mr. Carr and

himself, it is simply idle for him to

assume that Mr. Carr is not using

him. If Mr. Carr is a money out-

let of politics, and has legislation fac-

ilitated that he can make millions of

dollars out of congressional enactments,

passed for his special benefit, it is

not unreasonable that suspicious

people should enquire whether the

Senator does not get some of the plu-

riety. If Mr. Pinney is a quilty opor-

unist, it is not unreasonable that

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## How Imprisoned Miners were

Rescued.

The Inspector of Mines in Wales

recites in an official report the various

expedients adopted to effect the release

of the miners recently imprisoned in

the Tynewydd pit. At first two divers

attempted to reach them, but failed,

owing to the long distance, two hundred

and sixty yards, and the great obstacles

met with. During the next few days

nothing but pumping was attempted.

After getting to within a few yards of

the miners, the divers were ordered to

stop. That plan also failed, as they

could not make the doors sufficiently

close. The next idea was to thin

the barrier of coal to five or six feet,

and bore three holes through the coal

view of supplying the men with food.

Owing to the great pressure of air in















MORIN,  
d. Opposite the Bank of  
Woodland,  
to do all kinds of  
GAS-FITTING,  
AND  
ROOFING,  
Manufacture of  
Sheet-Iron  
Wares,  
DEALER IN  
Pipes of all sizes.

FOR THE  
"Union Range"  
AND THE  
"LION RANGE"  
FINISHING GOODS,  
made in his line.  
NIZED IRON  
r Tanks,  
made to Order.  
NCY FOR  
Well Force Pumps,  
BORING WELLS  
and at his Store.  
THE COUNTRY  
attended to.  
N MAIN STREET,  
Wood's Hardware Store,  
C. D. MORIN.

CE TO BUY!  
Article at a Low Price,  
the line of  
Provisions,  
XSIERS,  
the best of everything  
in line also,  
Poultry, Butter,  
Poultry, Etc., Etc.  
STREET, NORTH SIDE,  
from Second Street,  
M. J. La Bazzler,  
1878-1879  
N. KUHN,  
STREET, STORE,  
ST. WOODLAND,  
in all kinds of  
Stoves, Hose,  
S AND PUMPS,  
Baking & Gasfiting.  
VERY DESCRIPTION.  
N WATER TANKS, all  
order, at the lowest  
prices.  
PLY ATTENDED TO.  
HERMAN KUHN.

ILLIAMS,  
now and old established  
SHOE MAKER!  
opened a shop in  
Main Street,  
WOODLAND,  
to inform his old  
customers, and also by the  
many new ones.  
A SPECIALTY.  
of all kinds made to  
order, and to give satisfaction.  
on Short Notice.  
n Hotel,  
DUSH STREET,  
ANCISCO.

RE FURNISHED  
WITHOUT  
THE TIMES!  
\$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.  
\$.30 cts to \$1.00 per day.  
\$.25 per month.  
HIELDS, BELT & CO.

CHWALM,  
ER IN  
ERIES  
visions.  
ID IN CASH FOR  
TRY!  
ASHINGTON HALL,  
OLO CO., CAL.  
SALEON!  
Proprietor  
Liquors and Cigars  
all my friends and the  
SALEON,  
in St., Woodland,  
TZ,  
TAILOR,  
of Wash'n Hall,  
AND.  
on hand, and a Fit  
TZ, Proprietor.

MUSIC!  
& STRING BAND  
First-Class Music  
Parties, Concerts,  
Pianos, etc., etc., on  
L. ELLIS, Leader.

# The Yolo Democrat.

## SUPPLEMENT.

VOE. X.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA: THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1877.

NO. 29.

### American Aristocracy.

Of all the notable things on earth, the queerest one is pride of birth. Among our "noble democracy" bridge across a hundred years. Without a prop to save it from sagging, not even a couple of rotten posts. A thing for laughter, fears, and jeers. Is American aristocracy?

English and Irish, French and Spanish, Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish, Crossing their veins until they vanish in one conglomeration! So subtle a thought of blood, indeed, No Hereditary Harvey will ever succeed in finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend, Your family thread you can't ascend. Without good reason to apprehend You may find it much at the farther end. By some plebeian creation! Or, worse than that, your boasted line May end in a loop of stronger twine. That plagued some worthy relation!

—John G. Saxe.

### Her Own Living.

Tall and slight, with blue wispy eyes, lips bright and red as a woodberry, and a complexion all carnine and white like a damask rose in the sunshine. Erminia Hall's was a face that an artist would have fallen down and worshipped. But it is ever so philosophers tell us there is a compensation in all things. The pock-marked girl that sat across the aisle from her in church was a millionaire's daughter, and this young thing with the angel face was on the outlook for an eligible situation as governess.

For Erminia Hall was penniless, and it was necessary for her to earn her livelihood in some way or other, and the trade of a governess was at least "genteel."

"Keep a day-school," suggested old Mr. Prince, who had been wont to dine every Sunday with Judge Hall during that eminent bankrupt's life, and to consume a quantity of lobster salad, champagne and boned turkey, which was simply appalling upon those festive occasions. "Nobody would come to me," said poor Erminia, with tears in her eyes. She had supposed, inexperienced child that she was, that Mr. Prince would have been ready with a twenty or fifty dollar bill, in this her necessity.

"Needlework," suggested Mr. Clay, who had mysteriously made money in the way of speculation that beggared the dead man.

"I never learned to sew," faltered Erminia. "I could not earn a cent in that way."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Clay. "The education of a woman in the present day is out-of-gateously defective. It should all be reformed." "Do you suppose," meekly hazarded Erminia, "that I could obtain any copy from your office? Mademoiselle Lefeu used to say I wrote an elegant hand. Here is a specimen."

"Up strikes," said down struts, black long tails to the "g's" and "y's"—the Italian school. Pshaw! Your writing may do for a perfumed note or a young lady's album, but no lawyer would look twice at it. But I dare say that you will scratch along somehow."

"How!" murmured Erminia, resolutely repressing the tears that were rising to her eyes.

"How! Why, there are ways enough. Nobody need be starve in this country. I dare say if you keep on the lookout something will turn up."

And that was all the satisfaction Erminia Hall got. She went next to her rich cousin, Mrs. Bellairs Belton.

"I am sorry you came this morning, Erminia," said that lady, coolly, "I am busy with my accounts."

"I won't detain you an instant," said Erminia, with a sinking heart. "I—I need something to do very much."

Mrs. Bellairs Belton shut her lips together, as if her mind were on a new patent porcelaine, and patted down her fingers without looking up.

"And I thought," went on Erminia, her heart failing her more and more, "could perhaps teach your little children. I would work for very little, and—"

"Quite out of the question," said Mrs. Bellairs Belton. "I have just engaged a Swiss bonne, who will give them the regular account."

And Erminia turned away, feeling almost desperate. Lunch was in progress. She could perceive the fragrance of the chocolate and see the dining-room girls setting French rolls and spiced salmon on the table. Yet Mrs. Bellairs Belton never asked her to stay and break bread with them.

"O, how strange and cruel the world is," thought Erminia, with a choking sensation in her throat. "I had so many friends when poor papa was alive—but I have not one except Major Miles—but I will not go to him. He was always criticizing and carping even in the days of our prosperity; now he would be simply intolerable."

And so poor Erminia Hall crept into a cheap restaurant to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger. For she had a longing and boarded herself, in order to screw the greatest possible amount of livelihood out of the least possible amount of ready cash, and she had eaten but little all day.

An oyster stew and a cup of tea! It seemed like boundless extravagance to the girl, but she was faint and hungry, and felt the sore necessity of food. She was early yet—there were few customers at the neat white-draped tables—and the proprietor was leaning against the counter, talking to a woman who seemed to be some relative.

"There's struck every one of 'em," said he. "The ungrateful fellows, after I had paid them regular waiter's wages all the autumn when no one else did! And now, if I shut up shop, I won't have one of 'em back again. I'll employ women, hang'd if I don't!"

"I don't see why you shouldn't," said his interlocutor. "They'll come for loss and work harder. Women always do."

"So I've heard," said the restaurant

man. "And I'll advertise to-morrow for a lot of girls to wait here."

Erminia rose and went timidly toward the red-faced, good-humored looking man.

"Sir," said she, "you spoke of employing girls as waiters. I need work. I will come and work faithfully. Will you employ me?"

The restaurant keeper looked bewildered. "You are a lady, Miss!" stammered he.

"I know that," said Erminia, as if she were making some damaging admission, "but ladies must live, and I am very poor!"

So the next day she came in a frilled white apron and French print dress, and began her new duties in the "Eagle Eating Saloon."

At least," she told herself, "I am earning my own livelihood. And when I am busy, I don't have time to think."

Mr. Bellairs Belton came in one day, for a glass of ale and a plate of oysters. "Bless my soul!" gasped he, as Erminia Hall, quick and neat looking as if she had been born and bred at the trade, served him; "this is never you?"

"Why not?" said Erminia, laughing in spite of herself.

"My wife's cousin in a cheap restaurant," he exclaimed, "good heavens! what is the world coming to?"

"It's not so disagreeable a business as you might think it," said Erminia. "And I must live."

"Disgraceful!" perfectly disgraceful!" said Mr. Bellairs Belton, as he bolted out, leaving his oysters untasted.

Mr. Prince came in for a sardine and a cup of coffee—champagne and trifles were altogether out of the question when he had to settle the bill out of his own pocket—and he started and grew very red when he saw Erminia. But he looked straight into his cup of coffee and pretended not to know her.

And Mr. Clay stared at her as if she were some rare curiosity on exhibition when he gave his order one day for a bowl of mock-turtle soup.

"So it's you, is it?" said he.

"Yes, sir, it is I," said Erminia.

"I should think that you might have gone into some more creditable business," said he.

"Any business is creditable which honestly supports a girl," said Erminia, "and if you can suggest any improvement I am quite ready to listen."

Her timid little lassie had grown independent, you see.

Mr. Clay muttered something about "distorted ideas," and burned his tongue with his hot soup, while the young bankrupt's clerk, who came to lunch every day, sat opposite, laughed in his sleeve.

"That's the prettiest girl I ever saw," thought Rudolph Penfield. "If I could afford to marry and she was willing, I don't think I could do better."

"Do you suppose," he thought, "that I could obtain any copy from your office? Mademoiselle Lefeu used to say I wrote an elegant hand. Here is a specimen."

"Up strikes," said down struts, black long tails to the "g's" and "y's"—the Italian school. Pshaw! Your writing may do for a perfumed note or a young lady's album, but no lawyer would look twice at it. But I dare say that you will scratch along somehow."

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### Russian Strategy.

The campaign of the Russians against the Turks in 1829, and its history, is interesting to read in view of the probable repetition of the attempt to take Constantinople by the same route. Hostilities began in April, and the Czar placed himself at the head of his army a month later. The Russians crossed the Pruth with an army of 100,000 men, and on the 19th of June succeeded in effecting the reduction of Brailow, the most important town on the lower Danube.

Through the treachery and incompetence of the Turkish Generals they found little difficulty in passing the Danube, and on the 20th of July, they succeeded in capturing the heights around Shumla, a very strong fortress, commanding the principal passage through the Balkan Mountains. They did not succeed in getting possession of the works, however, nor did they ever, though they besieged it for the rest of the war. While attempting its reduction, the army was also engaged in other expeditions, and succeeded in capturing Varna, an important port of the Black Sea, and which then their connection with the fleet and supplies. Other fortified places in Bulgaria were reduced, but when winter came the Russians were still on the wrong side of the Balkans.

Active operations were resumed May 17th, 1829, but by this time there had succeeded to the command of the Russian army a General who had an audacity that gives one a high idea of the military genius of the race. Though the army had been fearfully reduced by disease and hard-fight, he determined upon a strategy bold even to rashness. Leaving a part of the army still covering Shumla, he took the main force and moved against another pass in the mountains, which was but feebly guarded. He was through before the Turks were aware of his designs, and was marching boldly down the Tundza valley upon Adrianople, which is only 137 miles from Constantinople. The Turks tried to intercept him, and sought to bring a force of Albanians upon his flanks, but he foiled them, and moved resistlessly on, and captured Adrianople on the 29th of August, and held it.

This was the end of hostilities. Nine days afterward Turkey agreed to an armistice, which was shortly followed by the Peace of Adrianople, which Russia dictated, and by which she gained important territorial advantages.

When the Russians moved out of Adrianople and began their homeward march, it was discovered that not more than ten or fifteen thousand men had borne the Muscovite banner into the city.

This campaign can not be taken as a type of the one just opening, except that it is likely the same ground will be fought over. The Russians will probably attempt to imitate—as far as possible—the German tactics against France. They have probably concentrated at Odessa and Kischneff, and in that neighborhood, an army so large that they think it will crush out, by mere force of numbers, the Turkish army, and march without halting direct to the walls of Constantinople. If Shumla offers a stubborn resistance, it can be covered and left, as Strasburg and Belfort were during the Franco-Prussian war. The invading enemy has the choice of places to cross the Danube. If one is too strongly defended, another may not be, and with a million of men well in hand, a passage can be made or forced somewhere.—*Tulsa Blade.*

### A Musical Catechism.

What is a slur? A remark made by one singer about another.

What is a rest? Going out of the choir during sermon for refreshments.

What is a brace? Two singers standing each other when they come back.

What is singing at times? Trying to see which will beat.

What is sympathetic music? Flirting with the soprano singer behind the organ.

What is st-a-cat-oh? Grimalkin in the organ during a voluntary.

What is a crotchet? A disease which the head singer always enjoys when the tune doesn't please her.

What is a swell? A musical punist who "knows it all," and perhaps considerable more.

What is the best step to use in a voluntary? The full step when the theme is exhausted.

What is a shake? Torture inflicted upon the bellows-boy who doesn't pump fast enough.

What is a shave? The church treasurer who shaves a singer's bill for salary.

What is a bat? The singer who allows the shave.

What is a chord? The pile of music which the violinist saves through.

What is a tie? The difficulty between the organist and the chorister, when one would and the other won't.

What is a discord? The choir taking sides in the dispute.

What is harmony? Dismissing either the leader or the organist.

What is the tonic? The drink taken after the trouble is all settled.—*St. Louis Times.*

THREE EMINENT PHYSICIANS.—Desmoulins, a celebrated French physician, was visited as he lay on his death-bed by the distinguished medical men of Paris. They lamented the loss which the profession would sustain, but the dying man assured them that he left behind three physicians much greater than himself. Each of the doctors, expecting that he would be mentioned as one of the best, inquired their names. With great distinctness the dying man answered, "They are Water, Exercise and Diet. Call in the service of the first freely, of the second sparingly, and of the third moderately." Follow this advice, and you may well dispense with my aid. Living, I could do nothing without them; and dying, I shall not be missed if you make friends with these my faithful coadjutors.

NOTES OF ADMIRATION.—Love-letters.

Quick at meal, quick at work.

All the Cabinet are lawyers.

### A Sensible Mother.

It is really painful to see a good, conscientious mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls at sixteen regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses, and not as one to whom they would care to go for social companionship! Yet, before they are snubbed out of it by repeated rebuffs, such as, "Run away, I'm too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mothers with all their sorrows and pleasures; and if "mother" can only enter into all their plans, how pleased they are! Such a source of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet ground, where her two little girls were playing. "Oh, goody, goody, mamma is coming to play with us!" She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she could snatch for some other more interesting than playing croquet with little children not much taller than their mallets. She has often said to me, "I cannot let my children grow away from me. I must keep right along with them all the time, and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and base ball with the boys, or French dictation and sash ribbons with the girls, I must be in it as far as I can."

Be industrious, no matter in what sphere you move, or what your calling. It does not require argument to prove its utility. There is as much difference between the light and the dark, as between light and darkness, or between honey and vinegar. Industry leads on to labor and labor to wealth; whereas idleness glides into laziness, and it creates two weeks' work together, the number of times she rings me up for trifles, and then to hear her lectures on economy. "Jane, you must not waste so much gas in the kitchen. One, you have two candles burning, and the other is not lit as long as they ought to be." Don't you think a poor servant girl feels the galling yoke that the iron hand of caste puts upon the kitchen and the stable? Indeed, sir, they feel it, and I assure you that the yoke is not easy.

CURRENT JELLY.—Take ripe cherry cutters, place on the fire to get the seeds out, and then through a coarse straw towel till the seeds are dry. Measure the juice into a clean porcelain pot, let it boil five minutes hard, then pour over the sugar, which has been previously melted in a separate jar large enough to hold sugar and juice. Stir constantly while pouring on the syrup and from the bottom, till every particle of sugar is dissolved. Use granulated sugar, and if you have it, use the jelly often forms while stirring. This makes splendid, clear jelly, very firm, and will keep two years.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—To two coffee-cups of mashed sweet potato (boiled) add one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of lemon (extract), and a pinch of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of water. Beat the eggs light, add sugar and butter rubbed to a cream, stir all together in the mashed potato while hot. Cover a deep plate with puff-paste, and pour in the pudding. Bake in a hot oven, strain when done, cover the top with slices of fruit, marmalade, and sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar.

CABBAGE SALAD.—One fine head of cabbage, half a pint of vinegar, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one of mustard, one tablespoonful of sugar. Butter the size of an egg. Put the butter in the vinegar and let them come to a boil, then pour out the eggs, etc., (which have been well beaten) stirring it briskly to prevent its becoming lumpy. Small teaspoonful celery seed and a little cayenne pepper. Half the above quantity makes sufficient for a small family. If eggs are scarce use half the quantity, adding teaspoonful of corn starch or flour. Delicious.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Boil a quart of green peas with a handful of the pods in a quart of water; the water must be salted. When quite tender, pour them into a fine colander, and press out the soup. Season with butter, salt and pepper, and a lump of butter, pepper, if the taste of the peas is not liked, and dish.

TO COOK DRIED BEEF.—Cut the beef in thin slices, place it in the spider and pour hot water on it, thicken with a little flour and water, stirred smoothly in. Then season with butter, salt and pepper, boil about five minutes, and stir all together. Halve and butter some warm bread, place the beef dish and pour the mixture upon them. It is very nice indeed.

### Gradations of Crime.

The united wisdom of all people, in all ages, has ordained different degrees of punishment for the same crime, and depending in their severity upon the standing and character of the offender who is to be punished. The different degrees of homicide are complex. Aiding a felon, who were looked upon with unbounded curiosity by the Boston people, brought for the first time into acquaintance with a nation uniformly traduced by the British. It was incredible to them that persons who were popularly supposed to subsist mainly on frogs should be so plump and well-favored; but the original facts were stoutly maintained and supported by the rumor that they had been discovered hunting for their favorite food in the Frog Pond on the Common.

With this last notion in his head, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who lived in a beautiful villa at Cambridge (formerly Washington's headquarters, and now Mr. Longfellow's house), made a great feast for the admiral and his officers. Every thing was furnished that could be had in the country to ornament and give variety to the entertainment. My father was one of the guests, and told me often after that two large tureens of soup were placed at the ends of the table. The admiral sat on the right of Tracy, and Mr. De'L'Etoile on the left. L'Etoile was consul of France, resident at Boston. Tracy filled a plate of soup, which went to the admiral, and the next was handed to the admiral, and he was conducting his spoon into the plate, he fished up a large frog, just as green and perfect as if he had hopped from the pond into the tureen. Not knowing at first what it was, he seized it by one of his hind-legs, and holding it up in view of the whole company, discovered that it was a full-grown frog. As soon as he had thoroughly inspected it, and made him a toast, he said, "Ah! mon Dieu! une grenouille!" Then turning to the gentleman next to him, gave him the frog. He received it with a smile, and in each was to be a frog. The uproar was universal. Meantime Tracy kept his lalle going, wondering what his outlandish guests meant by such extravagant merriment. "What's the matter?" asked he; and raising his head, discovered the frogs dripping a lag in all directions. "Why don't they eat them?" he exclaimed. "If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them, in order to treat them as delicacies, they would not touch them. You would find that with me, at least, it was no joking matter."—*Harpers Magazine.*

### Frog Soup.

Mr. Breck's father was a rich merchant in Boston, who was agent for the French government, and brought into close connection thus with the French officers attached to the squadron which for a time was anchored in Boston Harbor. His house was the resort of the foreigners, who were looked upon with unbounded curiosity by the Boston people, brought for the first time into acquaintance with a nation uniformly traduced by the British. It was incredible to them that persons who were popularly supposed to subsist mainly on frogs should be so plump and well-favored; but the original facts were stoutly maintained and supported by the rumor that they had been discovered hunting for their favorite food in the Frog Pond on the Common.

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### A Country Bride.

A few days ago a young man with his bride came to Chicago on their wedding journey and located at the Sherman House. It was apparent from the first that they were unused to city ways, but the bride was so radiant with the fresh bloom that country life and air alone can give, that the groom was carried by all the young men who met them, and he was abiding aces. The morning after their arrival, the chambermaid visited the young couple's room, at the unseasonably early hour of 8 o'clock. A "come hither" knock, and the door opened, and the room she found the bed made up and the room in the nearest kind of order. The chambermaid was astonished to find all her work anticipated, and proposed to sweep the room, while the young couple were in the dining-room. "Why," was her answer, "we had breakfast two hours ago." During the stay of the couple, the chambermaid had no work to do in their room. The revelation to the servant that a woman in a hotel could do something for herself, was a strange one, and was duly reported. The young man took a deeper interest in the little lady who knew how and when to do things, and he was not afraid to "do up" her own room, and the example becoming contagious, infected the other ladies in the hotel, much to the satisfaction of the chambermaids.

A RAG-PICKER WHO EATS STRAWBERRIES AT EIGHTY CENTS PER QUART.—It would appear strange that a rag-picker can afford to eat strawberries at 80 cents per quart. But nevertheless, as instance has come to light, where an Israelite, a citizen of Cincinnati, whose only vocation is buying and selling rags, will spend more of his accumulated earnings for strawberries than nine-tenths of his better-to-do neighbors. It is said, by good authority, that this eccentric being, attired in the most shabby clothes imaginable, will drive his dilapidated vehicle and crazy mare throughout the country purchasing of the farmers rags, which he sells at a low profit. But few, if any, engaged in the occupation have been known to meet with such extraordinary success. It is supposed that he has accumulated a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, and no doubt will continue eating strawberries at 80 cents per quart until able to purchase them lower.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

An "occasional correspondent" has at length discovered an Elysian abode teeming with men and women of most singular temperament. She writes: "One of the most extraordinary features of Hawaii is the character of the fact that the terrible passion of jealousy is unknown among them. It does not exist any more than a thing that never was heard of, never had an existence. The Hawaiian women is the most jealous of human beings. The Hawaiian lover, however deeply he loves her, is never jealous of her. Men may smile upon her, may come and go, but his soul is shrilled by the green-eyed shadow. Native women are not jealous of native women nor of men; husband is not jealous of wife. The native is not inattentive to the wishes of his beloved. He values upon her with gallant attention; in fact, the Hawaiian is so extremely gallant that he thinks it a glory to do housework, if the doing thereof will please his sweetheart."

The personality of the devil is a favorite theme of a minister who preaches in a church near Garmore, Scotland. On April 1st, while he was warning his congregation against the machinations of the evil one, a large window-blind and roller behind the pulpit escaped from their fastenings and fell upon him. The roller smashed a number of window panes, and the net was great. "I am grieved," echoed through the church as the preacher cleared the pulpit and galloped down the aisle. The *Pail Mail Gazette* conjectures that the good man may have fancied that he had exceeded the bounds of discretion in his denunciations of the devil, who had thereupon arrived hastily in person, bent on retribution.

### Agred Statesmen.

It is remarkable that so many of the active statesmen of the world should be very old men. Perhaps the number of such men never was so large as it is in 1877.

Pope Pius IX. is now in his 85th year, and some accounts say that he will be 87 years old in May next. He has held the Papacy for almost thirty-one years, having been chosen to his high place in 1846. William I., Emperor of Germany, completed his 80th year on the 23d of March, 1877, and M. Thiers is but a few days his junior, as he was born the 16th of April, 1797. Though not now in office, he is a member of the French Legislature, and a man of great influence. The last time that he took office he was at the close of his 73d year, and he was at the head of France for some years thereafter.

Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian Prime Minister, is 80 years old, and his early retirement is announced. Lord Beaconsfield, who is the British Premier, is in his 72d year; and Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, President of the French Republic, is of the age of 70 years.

Count Von Moltke, who is at the head of the military service of the German Empire—an Empire to whose existence his military skill greatly contributed—is in his 77th year; he was all but 70 years old when he marched into France. He observed the 70th anniversary of his birth while he was conducting the siege of Paris. Many of the German generals are very old men, and they were so in the late war.

The oldest American who holds an office of high rank is General Caleb Cushing, our Minister to Spain. He is in his 78th year. Mr. Thompson, who has just assumed the office of Secretary of the Navy, is of the age of 68 years.

But there have been statesmen before our time, and they were men of great activity in their last days. Cardinal Ximenes governed Spain, in the early part of the sixteenth century, with the greatest vigor, though he was 80 years old. But even he seems to have been young when compared with Enrico Dandolo, who was elected Doge of Venice when he was 80 years old. He was one of the greatest active men, and conducted great military operations when he had passed beyond the age of 90, and had been smitten with blindness. He was one of the few men who had



